

C OF TRANQUILITY

CAPIVUS

C OF TRANQUILITY

Canibus Lyrics

"Cptn Cold Crush"

Tranquility to infinity (Yeah)

Tranquility to infinity

Canibus is an animal with the mechanical mandible
Coming to damage you spitting understandable slang at you
I'm the all seeing lyrical with infinite bars and visuals
And the sideways eight peripheral
I told you I spit a rhyme that'll melt the Earth
Then ask you in the afterlife if you felt the verse
On Planet Earth I search for my Tranquility first
I said I was the illest but it didn't help me it hurt
And whenever I said, "Can-I", the crowd said, "Bus"
Ten years later who am I? I still got a passionate love
To be the man who I was, never give up
Irrational rush to crush every mic I clutch
When I erupt you duck or eggs clash flash solar blast from Bus
Then sweep you off the stage like crumbs
Grab your tongue, shout, rip it out, then shove it back in your mouth
NOW! Then tell you to spit it out
I spit about them lyrics my people can't live without
Been around since '97, I've been ripping it down
Spit track after track after 'Beast From the East'
I'm back before Lil' Weezy knew how to rap
When T.I. was still hustling crack, I put the muscle in rap
100 Bars, who fucking with that?
A thousand bars later I ain't heard nothing from Pap
Where you was at when I was giving Big Punisher dap?
On stage with a him at the Palladium
You was in a gymnasium, I was putting chainsaws to craniums
Blazing Homosapians in the atrium ripping jaws off aliens
Performing 'Channel Zero' in stadiums
Up at Hot 97' disgracing them
Any radio station they place me in I broke the break-beats in
I beat her, I beat him, the beat blend, I beat them
Spit a verse to beat Barrack Obama if he win
I'm the Beast From the East, picking meat out my teeth
And as soon as the beat stop I forget how to speak
I release a better rhyme seven times a week
To beat me you gotta be better than my last release
The bars rip ya face off, spit bars, spit shine ya skull
'Til every rhyme you memorize is gone
Battle you for the respect in a battle to the death
Dial zero, call the operator ask for Bis
411 ask for RIP
555-1212, I rip the mic to shit
Before the Federal Communication Commission started a new division
With the intention to cripple our children

Mentally deficient from television
This radio programmer we listen to got to many elements missing
Lyricism and wisdom got overshadowed by the singing and blinging
Deceived by a system that's media driven
A made a vow that I would get them and bit them, then injected my venom
And for that? I was never forgiven my nigga
I let the rhythm hit them with a chemical algorithm
Liable to kill them if I ever get with them I rip them
The infinite monk, 'All Hail Can-I-Bus'
Then wake up to this 'Pure Uncut'
'How Many Emcees' do I have to bust?
'I'm A Patriot' with 'No Airplay' but 'How Come'
'My Block is Your Block', I throw it up with 'Doo Wop'
I'm the "Enemy of the State" of Hip Hop
'Indibisible', Indestructible, 'Canibustible'
The 'Adversarial Theatre Justice' judging you
Tired of you posers, I'm the rap superstar soldier on a poster
'Captain Cold Crush'
Tuck the heat before I brush the teeth
The athlete at the track meet with rusty cleats
Artillery like lawn mowers with four motors and four rotors
Look like a mom with four strollers
Counterstrike like 'Black Kobra'
With gasoline in the Super Soaker, walk over, I'll roast ya!

Canibus Lyrics

"Salute"

The war drums sound like a hundred guns fired at once
For an entire month
Can-I-Bus? You know you can [x4]

Involuntary muscle spasm assassin busts with a passion
Listen to how Canibus re-enact this
Poor rappers fall victim to the metaphor master
Drill your ass raw for ice core data
An earthquake machine being powered by a crystal
Scalene in hydro, no pulse signal
Lyrically wave-theory like Timothy Leary
So you don't have to understand me to hear me, you feel me?
Barely, the quickening happens in between
In the Elohim Lord Lizard King with the Ripper conditioning
Partitioning with the Fischer King eating chicken wings
My fingertips are glistening but I'm listening
Yeah, the master observes how rappers use vernacular
To fail to capture the meaning attached to the words
Hip-Hop [?], career suicide
Killer Ripper spits to the sustained pitch mixed and chopped
To add a counter point, mix a master that drops
Complex and confusing, I'm laughing because it's hot
The super duper uber music conductor producer from the future
Stuff tubas with gunpowders to improvise bazookas
Colder than killer cobras over Jehovah
Delta soldiers in blimp balloon gondolas with stealth motors
They watch over us, told me where to go
But I can only take both of us so you better soldier up
Size, activity, location, unit
Time and equipment: What you going to do with it?
Salute, that's what they do when I rip it
I proved it, I did it, "D-R Period" was in the booth when I spit it
Bread and Butter, Nigga

Beyond Canibus motherfucker, broken Language the hustler
Starboard rudder, the Coast Guard Cutter
I'm the studio night-owl, stress give me white eyebrows
Who the fuck I got to fight with now?
Yeah, conspicuous characters creep through America
With a killer chemical in a canister called Canibus
Crazy as crystal communicate correct signal
They call it criminal, I call it lyrical
Call the Commissioner I'm going to crucify the Christian Caligula
Like they crucified M.C. Christopher
I cast the Canibus symbol in the crowd
If there's beef on the ground, I'm going to carve the cow
Now, smuggle contraband through the canal

I check my clip on my chamber, sharpshooter style
La Costa Nostra, deep like Deepak Chopra
I kick your door down in loafers
.45 in the holster, AK in the baby stroller
Babies with baking soda, my lady in the Rover
A midget with dreadlocks down to his toes
With flows I expose what nobody knows

Canibus Lyrics

"C Scrolls"

Yeah ayo,
Listen to the horns play,
I get busy all day,
I don't give a fuck what they wanna say.
This is me turning it up,
This is me burning it up,
You, observing the emcee bus.
Just a coach on the side lines,
Tryna bide time,
Watching the game being played out through my eyes.
I know it's painful how they degrade you,
But I praise you.
This is the soundtrack that we will train to.
This is not a call to arms
I did that ten years ago,
These are called keep alert bars.
Don't talk just work your jaws,
Don't walk just work the war,
That's a personal flaw.
Murdered bar after bar since 1974
When I was born with a mic on my arm.
Awesome,
Six minutes Canibus you on.
Yes, yes y'all.
To the beat god, next bar.
I do this to atone,
I do this to atone for my sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Out in Berkley
They not too thirsty
They don't like veterans neither, but they can't hurt me.
Bring it down about 14.5 DB
Maybe then you might see what I mean.
Ayo, Hip-hop provost
Who said the word Hip-hop the most?
Which one of yous think you a poet?
Perfect cause you practice that classic,
Scholastic, Canibus man shit.
The current catalogue and past tense.
I do this to atone,
We all must atone for our sins,
But I am punished for the tone of my skin.
The C of tranquility - the C means light,
The light means space, my DNA strain is my base.
Don't know who I am,

Can't remember who I was.
I pump blood through the veins of Hip-hop,
For street buzz.
A constitution written in collusion
With limited distribution,
Since I was recruited I've bin making music.

Canibus Lyrics

"Merchant Of Mataphors"

Pay attention, Ensign
I need a jet stream pattern assessment, go get it
And tell me the direction that the fuel tank is headed
Scram jet packs straps attached to my back
Rocket exhaust melt skin off like wet wax
Call sign Tom Cat, master ace of aerial combat
I double-time out to the tarmac
Fog covers the launch pad
Order ATC to fall back, but maintain visual contacts
Switch to radar, innovation navigational star map
I won't need to travel beyond that
My jet contrails so long that,
It can be seen in time zones eight hours apart by NORAD
Bow waves are made when I sweep my arms back
To fast track to the lunar surface's dark patch
The darkest part of the Moon where ISS2 was parked at
Inside onyx black alien artifacts
Well guarded in the event of a chartered attack
The outpost is nothing more than a trap
The red planet approach close, I know perigee and impact
Phobos is controlled by the Dracs
Deimos is the most underrated of the pack
It decimates NEA's more than double it's mass
A solar max melts polar caps
I notice that think tanks with closed minds miss unknown facts
Satellites track and match the stats, statistics start to stack
I'm a man of science, not rap
With actionable impulse to act when I can't relax
I work hard but play harder in fact
My rose garden attracts rats,
I sit back and listen to jazz and smoke hash in a mineral bath
I meditate, slightly awake, the moon rays interpermeate my physical state
I gaze into space
The light waves race and shift shape, colors escape
I concentrate on eight frequency rates
The body begins to numb as the spirit elevates
But wait, I'm interrupted by a buzzer at my front gate
Closed circuit surveillance showed me a face
How entertaining, special agents came to visit my estate
"Miss Moneypenny, bring me a plate, a cup of tea, and my terry-cloth robe,
Then show them in to me, I'll wait"
He walked in with a blank face, I calmly remarked, "You're late"
He responded with a strong handshake
Miss Moneypenny returned with eggs and pancakes
I offered them a seat, standing up, looked so out of place
He kindly obliged, but the other two continued to stand
Folded their hands, and gave me the nod

The silence was so profound, that even soft sound seems loud
With ambient music in the background
I slurped when I sipped my tea, it was hot
I chomped when I chewed my chow, it was not
In slow motion the silence was broken, you could hear a pin drop
He said, "You cannot save Hip Hop"
I said why not? I sold mixtapes to buy stock
I've been researching and developing a spitbox
Rap is deeply rooted in the music generation
I can prove it, but it doesn't constitute publication
I swear the Great Bear entered the Dragon's Lair
I was there in the center of St. Petersburg Square
Assigned as a silent observer, but I witnessed a murder
Took a picture of the body and a burner
Circa the time, you called me from Burma
In Port Charlotte Florida, say you were in a coastal corridor
And that's what you call help?
Eight months of Camp Kill Ya' Self couldn't rehabilitate what I felt
And now, here you are, in my backyard
Accusing me for being an outlaw for my bars?
I ain't got nothing for ya, I'll call my controller,
You call your employers, they can talk to my lawyers
He got up, and turned his back on me and said, "I'll be back homie"
I said you better bring an army
He said, "You don't want war"
I called Moneypenny on the intercom and said, "Baby, show them to the door"
To be continued, stay tuned for more
Secret dialogue from the Merchant of Metaphors...

Canibus Lyrics

"Lunar Deluge"

[Intro: Canibus]

Let's see if you can follow this rhyme

Follow this rhyme with your mind

[Canibus:]

I woke up into a dream, a dream that was more real than it seemed

With no animation or green screen

Human beings need special specs provided by special request

To see the spectacular special effects

If you can see what I saw or hear what I heard

Your ears will not need to hear the sound of my words

My thoughts follow my feelings that is how I think

The sceptics are rarely convinced, their feelings are exempt

What is the point of thought if you can not control the result

What is it worth if anything at all?

Where do we exist from? What do we exist for?

We were intelligently designed to be a resource

How can there be free will without the freedom to feel?

We pursue an illusion that isn't real

P-12 psychics taking red pills to produce thrills

Than predicting a coin toss a hundred times to prove skill

Telekinetic electro-genetic psyonic weapon

With extra-sensory perception of precognitive method

That's why I can rhyme with consistence

Indisputable evidence repeatable on the street or in studio session

I am sorry if you feel I am refusing your questions

That's not my intention, my mind is in a higher dimension

At these levels I have much higher attention

Ascension into a level of rhyme that's defined as divine intervention

My intent to present the most intensive lung splitting

Tongue twisting sentence ever historically recorded to present

But that is not the point of this lesson

I will continue this poetic expression, you must listen to make the connection

I will slow down

Now take a deep breath and try to get with the flow now, this is it,

Back to the beginning when the Milky Way first started spinning

Sound was the only thing living

The Universe was singing, signals were pinging

Life began to emerge from one light blinking

The sound stabilized it

The color spectrum was immediately divided by levels of brightness

The speed of the spin began rising

Gravity was created and forever affected by this

And thus, the elements were created in a cradle

Smashing against one another like balls on a pool table

We like to label so we give things names

I shook your hand and told you mine was Germaine

In my dream I was hoisted into a plane with a space-age frame by a giant gantry crane
My code name was SpitBoss, T-minus 2 seconds 'til liftoff
Let me tell you what Canibus saw:
I saw a world in deluge, fighting over fossil fuels and food
Like a bunch of god damn fools

Canibus Lyrics

"Golden Terra Of Rap"

[Intro: Sample]

Ready on the right, ready on the left

Ready on the firing line...

[Busta Rhymes sample from "You Can't Hold the Torch":]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

[Chorus:]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap, when it was exactly that

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 1:]

Aiyyo DJ Premier on the boards

Can-I-Bus, on the bars with the lyrical law

Just listen to the rhymes, don't behave cool to be kind

And I'm a show you how I'm nice with mine

Forced to start from scratch, to rhyme from the heart

When I rap, lookin forward to not lookin back

I spit supernatural, look out for the planet-sized shrapnel

Rip The Jacker 'bout to get at you

Rip and, seek and destroy the motherfuckin beat mission

The rugged rudeboy, Rasta on 'roids trippin

Martial arts for the mind, Mandelbrot hip-hop design

You don't understand stop tryin

The hip hop conglomerate, we legends puttin it down

You gotta honor it, fuck the politics!

The B2 bomb pilot, waitin for that long silence

Then I was diagnosed with tinnitus

The cuneiform symbols on my uniform tell you what I've been through

Nigga I wish it was that simple

The master gunnery combatant blastin mixtape assassin

Captain Cold Crush get it crackin

Heat it up 'til the bones blacken

My microphones double action I grab it, switch the automatic

The savage spittin it rapid I ricochet 762 jackets

Full medal gold plaque classics

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)

Not specifically, jams in the park

But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Verse 2:]

The phonograph fascist, let's see who can reload fastest
You chronograph still in the past tense
Double shot glass of absinthe, still spittin fantastic
You a absent has-been, I'm still rappin
The Roman gladiator clashin, chariots crashin
Chest plate split in half with axes, blood splashin
What you wan' speak about? Let's weed it out
'fore I turn into something somebody gotta be about
If I feel the need for speed, do not freak out
Armor upgrade beneath seat mount
No seat belt, breath in, breath out, then lean out
White phosphorus, smoke screen the whole street out
Fire squad gotta reroute, SWAT team can't see now
RPG launch out the tree house
Got a casualty, tell me what the beef is about
He don't wanna talk, let him bleed out, don't need him now
PTSD MC, the kind you read about
Turn the beat up Premier, this is how a beat sounds!

[Chorus: Busta Rhymes sample]

I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought
I take it back, back to the golden era of rap (Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!)
Not specifically, jams in the park
But when MC's used to talk with advanced thought

[Outro: Busta Rhymes sample]

Mu'fuckers better step up your bars!

Canibus Lyrics

"Title 17 USMC"

I'm in a meeting with the Surgeon General of written texts
The battery of 1000 psychological tests
I am exhausted and stressed but I continue to press
She asked me if I'm the best. I signed languaged back YES
Spell words wrong, when writtin down rhymes nowadays
My hairs are beginning to Grey, that's why I'm a shave
The sky dark purple, low crawl through the wormhole
Took me back to 1998 at Universal
2008 I'm eternal
You know I'm still nice with the verbals, and I ain't even heard you
Your views. Your virtues
Whatcha goin do when Martial Law curfews lock down your Rock Band Rehearsal
Got ground zero asthma cancer
Buried on the moon as the top Hip-Hop Commander
After talkin to Paul Laffoley, he spoke about perigee and apogee
Something that I understood naturally
The mindscape, the other atmosphere is my space
But in my case, I seem trapped by the rhymes that I make
Canibus code for a data tabulated below [?]
It's the end of the world you know, glad you made it to the show
According to Title 17 USC, section 107
Canibus is just an MC
I'm a Reggaeton rap translated from Jamaica
You a hater with that white boy hodgy behavior
You could say what you say, but, my catalog greater
Everything you heard before with more layers
Poet Laureate V, why didn't they accept me?
If I remember correctly, let's see
The "C" of Tranquility, the mind will ascend
The audio will blend into multiples of 10
The lies we have been told really are the truth
So together we will all learn again what we knew
Proud to have come so far, spit another bar
The carousel issue continues to revolve unresolved
Take my hand Ripper Grand Wizard chain of command
Take this torch to another land, tell them who I am
The riot squad robot look like Robocop photoshopped
Heckler and Koch, Semi auto stock
I speak into the Mic, leaves fall off the "Tree of life"
BUT next Fall I'm a see if you nice

Canibus Lyrics

"Free Words"

Yo,
Canibus the continuous, deciduous lyricist
A menace to music that's mastered every style that I spit.
A fugitive against the music biz, the damage is punitive,
But the truth is that my communitive efforts got 'em pissed!
Silence is golden, a sign that my knowledge is growing.
I'm a show 'em, fuck the promotion,
These poems open door for the chosen.
In these moments of economic erosion,
The global economy's broken, cause our leaders control it.
They say we owe them but everything that we own has been stolen.
So don't be mad at the soldiers, you follow orders too, don't you?
You never make a difference being a voter,
The are the controllers, you just a warm blooded promoter.
You're just a pea in a pod, with the need to believe in God
But God don't need guns or bombs.
You need freedom to be oppressed, knowledge for the intellect,
Positive effects what come out of our common respect.
All colors, all creeds all kinds, all breeds,
One law, one love, if we want world peace.
It all starts with being still,
But being still long enough to feel but being real enough to follow your will.

Canibus Lyrics

"The Messenger's Message"

Yeah, every man see him 'Sail to Byzantium'
For those that can't see him, they lost man leave him
Transparent transceiver, no hand lever
On the hand receiver, the signal gets weaker
Sales of street polymer gels that form hardened shells that repel
Interrogative drills in the torture cell
Sounds like Hell, not exactly
Rap for me, this human's cavity interacts with me
Blood, liver, and lungs, external viscera thugs
Cutting me up with glitter covered gloves
I ran out the building, ran to the building where I parked
Why my children not in the car?!
I am not unravelling, I am calm,
I'm staying at Bigelow Arkansas obeying the law, playing GRAW
They ask questions with Russian like aggression
From the on screen projector, what is your intention?
Moratorium? I got four of them, meet me in the auditorium
I'm a show you how to talk to them
Right handed MC, used to be lefty
When direction don't effect me, my spotter corrects me
Open the eyelid, check behind him like crazy Ivan
On the coastliner, Psilocybin, crazy rhyming
With third Density binding, galactic plane timing
The Pleistocene is rising, I cannot describe it
Lavatory tidy and quaint, brand new paint
Laboratory, huge, sprawling, brand new warheads
Space grunts line up face front
Base jump into the waste dump, complete Phase 1!
Bone shards scattered all over the boneyard
We low crawl paying no attention to our nose at all
I see the beast pupil size increase
Seen it grab somebody off the street, bite and release
I decrease my silhouette, try to lay flat
Zero in where the chest and the neck intersect
Take a breath than hold it, but only for a moment
Stay focused or your first one'll be your last soldier
Woke up in the Infirmary, here's your papers
Thank us for your service, young man, see you later
Cardboard papers signs
"I will eat rhymes three times a day if you could only spare me a dime"
Real Hip Hop spitting, that's how I'm living
I mount my weapon like I mount my women
Intercept correct beats, sleep search collect and keep
If I like it let's meet next week
The mind of a weirdo, it's not really clear where he goes
Nobody here really knows...
Everybody wanna ask questions, don't pay attention to the messenger

Listen to the message!

Canibus Lyrics

"Cingularity Point"

[Intro:]

This is for the I.M. Culture
A poor pauper's offering for the alter
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see
The 'C' of Tranquility, I'm a show 'em what I see

[Hook:]

The 'C' of Tranquility, what will it really be?
What does the future hold? What do you really see?
I see a revolution in the industry
That will ignite the rebirth of MCs lyrically
The 'C' of Tranquility, what will they really be?
What does the future hold? What can you really see?
I see the partition of God's religion
Become united by our bars and our common visions

[Verse 1:]

Been a long time, spittin' long rhymes, but I never left you
Always came back bustin' rhymes that were special
Back then, I wanted to impress you by addressing the truth
Nowadays, I'm just confessing in the booth
The Golden Era of Rap will always be apart of me
The future talks to me because the present is ignoring me
My destiny is calling me, the armory of God is guarding me
But all you can see is holographic artistry
Rhyme mechanics, like that of a blind pianist
The keys are metallic, my fingers are magnets
The music is magic, what is this madness?
The stanzas are rites of passage, your left brain habits become your baggage
The masses become savage, roaming the streets with torn fabrics
Creativity is less than average
Every baby is born a bastard, so why did you have it!?
This question requires no answer, I understand it

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

Through my music, magic, and inoculated interaction
Rip the Jacker shows you the future in fragments
Through madness my view is expanded
Request passage, permission is granted, I'll introduce you to the language of dragons
To help balance near impossible trances in the labyrinth of the enchanted
Where air quality is unbearably rancid
From evil spirits, temperatures frigid
I cross wooden bridges over methane rivers, it sounds crazy, but listen
Concise lyrics strike down from the heavens
A titan like Mike Tyson, Beastmaster with a tiger and pigeon

A four finger ring with a eyeball in it for vision
Cause I ain't scared of no 9 foot 11 winged lizards
I'm known as the Ripper, my soul was delivered to a wizard
For spiritual slave labor in a prison
My life is my sentence, so I live it
But I studied the physics and understand it, so it's only a visit

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Combinatrix, anything of this persuasion is considered ageless
Beyond the matrix
Beyond time displacement of space & spaceships in oasis
Beyond the reach of human contemplation
The music is layered, not computer generated
A human made it to satisfy unusual cravings
The mystic in a room with crystal walls & floors
Looking into a crystal quartz orb, reciting lyrical law
That cause warm feeling sensations precipitating from the finger tips
To the arms, to the lips, to the jaws
To a gold tongue that spits to the tone of the drum
With the oxygen that flows down the throat to the lungs
Till every color of my Chakra glows brighter than the Sun
YOU and I become WE, WE become ONE
And the Clarity of Singularity has begun
Between zero point zero and zero point one! *[echoes]*

[Hook]

Canibus Lyrics

"Pine Comb Poem"

The "C" of Tranquility
Canibus spit for infinity
I revolve with the Earth lyrically, uh

Yea ya'll wassup, The Ripper right here Can-I-Bus
Yo, yo

I rest alone in a cold cabin composed of stone from old agate
A sarcophagus filled with gold tablets
The archaeological dig-site
Excavated the bone matter of this unknown rapper
The blood of the Gorgon was used as the cure for the poison
The poison that destroyed his organs
His DNA was shaped like a series of sideways 8's
Space-time is converted to time-space
The soundwave signals looks like ocean tides when they ripple
He spit to precision instrumentals
Sidewinder rhymes hit you, split you
The target area surface was no wider than a nickel
Control Room simple... His chair was chiselled from quartz crystal
It gets so hot, his skin sizzle
He piloted the missile from a digital menu
Inside remote headgear he would put on to look into
By mastery of the mental he was able to see
What the past and future civilizations had been through
Acoustic imagery transmitted through the music and energy
When I'm spitting no distance can limit me
The gallery of my art was prefabricated and placed in a Ark
But grave robbers rip the pages apart
They got caught, whoever told me the secret is now dead
I cannot tell you or I will end up like them!
The meaning of these rhymes are dead to the modern day mind
Even if you hear this a thousand times
Because of this many have died
Your inner light will not shine if your Pineal gland is calcified
The silver cord is a metaphor for the will of the Lord
I was called to climb aboard and explore
That's when I saw the Tree of Life in the yard
The apples on the floor were gored to the core!
The coil spirals remind you, but be mindful
External experience reflects what's inside you
Inside us all, behind the wall
Inside your skull, but exposed in a song
AHHHHHH, I was struck in an electrical storm
The flesh on my left arm is scarred the mic's gone!

Canibus Lyrics

"Good Equals Evil"

A man pays dues, do this become an angel
Good and evil, a man stays true
There are other ways to win
Good and Evil, it's the same thing

A decade after my debut, the game changed; I got the same views
To me it's just baseball and I'm Babe Ruth
Bambata from Planet Rock, trade op commander Hip Hop
What? We grimlock smash Spitbox
You can never be the best, until you complete the competency test
With rap pattern parameters I set
Are you deaf? Do you need me to repeat what I said?
I said you'll never be the best unless you pass this test
Okay, fill out registration form 88,
Name, social, date of birth, address, city and state
When the form is complete pass it on to Angela Clark
To determine your eligibility and get you insured
Every morning the board panel assembly judges man by his bars
Courage of heart and what he offers the cause
If he's accepted he'll be sworn in tomorrow
If he's rejected he's recycled and retested on stage at the Apollo
I had to and so do you, are you solid or hollow?
Depression is normal, a challenge to climb out of your sorrow
Forget about the world around you, the truth is
They are nothing without you but you will be nothing without the truth

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

Do not be confused by the choice of words used
For every battle we win, there's something we lose
But you still have to choose and choosing not to choose is still a choice
Sometimes silence is a powerful voice
The body is of no use if the mind is enslaved
But theses slaves can not bind your light or your sound waves
However, we must to train to increase our strength
The final test is presented when we least expect
We look forward, we see 180 degrees, what's left?
We eyeball right to left but see nothing, what's next?
180 degrees of regret, what's that?
It's everything we left behind unchecked, it wants revenge
They want revenge against us because we fight for our freedoms
Die for what we believe in and they know we don't need 'em
I know you disagree, you think it's fortune cookie shit
But I guarantee you this, our future was prefixed

A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing
A man stays true, a man pays dues
If a man can do this, the man become an angel
There are other ways to win, a consequence for every sin
But we are blind because Good and Evil is the same thing

I look towards the sky for the answers to why
I analyze the great divide and saw God on both sides
God didn't do this, we did this to each other
So keep his name out your mouth, you fucking cock suckers
How could you own all of it, when we are all apart of this?
The Earth belongs to every living thing that walks upon it
We are all perfect creations, with imperfect justifications
But just the patient fuck the subject of Satan
The Universe is too huge, does Satan live out their too?
Or is he just after me and you?
Believe what you perceive
Look at the Sun, tell what do you see? 360 degrees of light beams
Illuminating Hip Hop, Spitboss'll bag your pops
You ain't ready for the shit that I got
It's called Hip Hop homey, that's the only way that you know me
And knowing people can still be lonely
At the Maharaji spa for the whole week
I just go to sleep because when I wake up I am not an emcee
I get back on the clock when I hear the next beat
I'll write about another century of heat, I'm a beast

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Canibus Lyrics

"Worthlessness Purpose"

He is the Sea Merchant who eats Sea Urchins and Sea Serpents
He does it to give his obvious 'Worthlessness Purpose'
Deep Sea searches bring his verses back up to the surface
Someone is brought in to interpret
Do not engage in conjectural with the professor
Just nod ya head and say Yes Sir! Here is the next verse
Toxicology analysis, MCs examine Bis but it's too late...
Nothing above ground will escape
The jungle will haunt you, the desert becomes you
Be humble, if it ever takes something from you
No advantage, No standard
Ya Tranquility is being tampered with by Canibus' masterpiece mantra
When albums are requested, they used to be respected
Only the best deserve to be the center of attention
Enter the legend, Hip Hop will never forget him
And Laser Weapons are now being tested
Inside this bubble composed of two poles
I think I can come up with a few flows, bullshit
Says whose knows, just another boy from the Group Home
Who's good at producing a few songs
I wonder how many MCs lives I've touched?
How many lives that I've protected them from?
More powerful public speaker low budget demeanour
Look like the reaper, senior Ripper information retriever
Slick talk or barter away your OES Charter
Not smarter, just thinking harder, it's truly an honour
Plutocracy, Kleptocracy, to be or not to be?
Please talk to me, I'll show you how these rhymes ought to be
There is not much time to decide or take sides
You are standing in the middle of lyrical fratricide
Giant tiger mosquitoes and carrion beetles biting people
The Mist makes it hard to see through
It has always been believed by those even wiser than me
That nobody can describe what I see
Reality hangs in the balance
The "C" of Tranquility is not a body of water it's an Island
A string of islands that connect like strings on a violin
Waking up to a dark horizon
My rap style will always be in it's prime
You rhyme for yourself, I rhyme for mankind!
Wireless or landline? Any time
Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme

Any time. Grab the mic and do the damn rhyme.

Canibus Lyrics

"Right Now"

This is a new season with new rhymes for the same reason
The public needs it but without faith they won't believe it
We cursed since birth, imprisoned by these Earth demons
My verse is written in secret, then released in pieces
The sting of rejection, the sour sensation of perfection
It's connected to our spiritual ascension
Start with yourself, you are your only contender
The game of life has no winners, therefore we surrender

[Chorus:]

Write now! Write your thoughts down, now! Recite them out loud, now!
The bright light bleeds down through the dark clouds, now!
Right Now brothers, now! Right Now sisters, now!
Right Now people, now! Right Now Rippers!

The rhyme is my religion, the rhythm is alive, listen
And bare witness, try to share my vision
My vision of my soul inside Sol, free the globe
Inside a globe with two poles, Ouroboros in my poems
Bestowed by a poet, what do you know and when did you know it?
Obey the law with it's fundamentally flawed components
Omit this, admit this a myth 'til I spit
You forget how I'll I get, the Ripper's 'bout to Rip, Right Now
Right Now